

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1919

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New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price with postage added when necessary. Address REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

ARTHUR. MACHEN by Vincent Starrett. Chicago: Walter M. Hill.

An essay on the life, works and fame of Machen, whom Starrett designates as "A novelist of ecstasy and sin;" also two of Machen's hitherto unpublished poems. This essay was originally printed in the Mirror of October 5, 1917. Bound in boards; 250 copies only.

TALES AND TAGS by A. J. Latham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.

Old folk tales beloved of children the world over retold in rhyme and illustrated with drawings. Will entertain any child; also designed for supplementary use in schools.

THE MUSIC OF SPAIN by Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.50.

Essays on Spanish music and its interpreters. Informal discussion of the zarzuela, Spanish and gipsy dances, the new Spanish school of composers, the Orféo Catala, the church composers, folk songs, and Spanish music by foreign composers. One essay treats of Bizet's "Carmen" and another of Valverde's "The Land of Joy." Illustrated with photographs of famous singers. Indexed.

JAVA HEAD by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.50.

A novel of the American merchant marine at the beginning of the great clipper ship era.

ENGLISH LEADERSHIP by J. N. Larned. Springfield, Mass.: C. A. Nichols Co., \$2.75.

The most notable achievements of the English speaking races, particularly in government, literature, law and science, presented briefly and in a manner to make the facts easily remembered. Introduction by William Howard Taft and supplementary essays by Donald E. Smith and Grace F. Caldwell. Indexed.

MORALE AND ITS ENEMIES by William Ernest Hocking. New Haven, Ct.: Yale University Press, \$1.50.

Morale—the temper of a people expressing itself in action—is the invisible force which prompts all the acts of a people, a nation. Political and ethical issues interpreted with freshness and vigor of thought. The author is professor of psychology at Harvard and was director of the courses on morale in the northeastern division of army camps during the summer of 1918.

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE by Karl Liebknecht. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.25.

Speeches made since the beginning of the war. Edited and translated by S. Zimand, with an introduction by Walter E. Weyl.

RELIGION AND THE WAR edited by E. Hershey Sneath. New Haven, Ct.: Yale University Press, \$1.

A series of essays on the war and reconstruction by members of the faculty of the school of religion of Yale, each of whom was engaged in some form of war work and made a special study of the subject he treats.

A GRAY DREAM AND OTHER STORIES by Laura Wolcott. New Haven, Ct.: Yale University Press.

A collection of charming tales of New England life in 1830, characteristic of the spirit and life of America which New England has done so much to mold. The author was the wife of Governor Morris of Connecticut.

LES TRAITS ÉTERNELS DE LA FRANCE by Maurice Barrès. New Haven, Ct.: Yale University Press, \$1.

A brilliant address delivered before the British Academy in July, 1916, having for its theme the French soldier's devotion to France. Published in the original French for the benefit of American students, with an introduction by Fernand Baldensperger.

SONGS OF MEN compiled by Robert Frothingham. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co., \$1.25.

An anthology of verse celebrating the joys of camp and trail, fighting afloat and ashore, pioneering, sea-faring, prospecting, sport, piracy, friendship and animals. Contains "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest."

HOW THE WORLD VOTES by Charles Seymour and Donald Paige Frary. Springfield, Mass.: C. A. Nichols Co., 2 vols., \$6.50.

A comprehensive work on the science and system of voting in all ages from earliest Athenian times to the present day, including a record of the changes necessitated by the recent war, constituting an intensely interesting narrative which embraces all the thrills of man's quest for democracy. The nations are taken separately, each contributing an absorbing story, each showing the conflict between autocracy and democracy. Illustrated with reproductions of famous cartoons and portraits. Indexed. Boxed. Both authors are of the history staff of Yale University and both are members of President Wilson's peace party.

WHO CARES? by Cosmo Hamilton. Boston: Little-Brown Co., \$1.50.

A novel of adolescent youth, rebellious, by the author of "The Blindness of Virtue." Illustrated.

THE APARTMENT NEXT DOOR by William Johnston. Boston: Little-Brown & Co., \$1.50.

A thrilling novel of murder and intrigue, revealing the audacious machinations of German spies and entertainingly describing the clever ways in which Americans triumphantly thwarted them. Illustrated.

CHESS AND CHECKERS by Edward J. Lasker. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.25.

An authentic guide to both games, written in simple forceful language, for the beginner and average player. The author makes it clear that chess is not nearly so difficult a game as players represent it to be. Checkers is thoroughly explained and made understandable, by general rules rather than a series of variations. Lasker won the chess championship of London in 1914, New York 1915, and Chicago and the western states in 1916.

AMERICAN CHARITIES by Amos G. Warner. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., \$2.50.

Third edition of this standard work on American charities, revised by Mary Roberts Coolidge, pupil and assistant of the author, and with a biographical preface by George Elliott Howard. Complete in four parts treating respectively of the history of poverty, a definition of the dependent classes, the administration and financing of charities, and special problems of organization.

THE CURIOUS QUEST by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little-Brown Co., \$1.50.

Oppenheim gets away from German spies whom he has dealt so long and offers in his best style the amazing adventures of a rich young Englishman who elects to be poor and self-supporting for a year. Illustrated.

THE HISTORY OF HENRY FIELDING by W. Bur L. Cross. New Haven, Ct.: Yale University Press, 3 vols.

A definitive work on the famous English novelist, author of "Tom Jones," compiled from hitherto unused articles in newspapers of the period and other fresh sources of information. In addition to being a most excellent and entertainingly written biography, the books afford a full discussion of all the novelist's works and a brilliant criticism of his defamers and apologists. Beautifully printed and illustrated from old drawings; also reproductions of manuscripts. Index and bibliography.

♦♦♦

Lectures on Architecture

To the unthinking a building is a building, erected for residence, commercial or community purposes, pleasing or displeasing to the eye. But to the observant the whole history of a nation, its aspirations and characteristics are proclaimed by the nature of its edifices. A series of twelve lectures illustrative of this truth will be given by John Beverley Robinson under the auspices of the architectural club; they will be of particular interest to students of architecture, history, economics, civil government. Professor Robinson was for several years head of the department of architecture of Washington university until he resigned about two years ago, and there is probably no one better able to deal with this subject than he. He has been a frequent contributor to REEDY'S MIRROR on a diversity of topics, and his skill in marshalling facts and in presenting them clearly, forcefully and convincingly is well known to MIRROR readers. Each of these lectures will treat of an epoch of the world's history and point the character and habits of the people, their achievements and accomplishments as evidenced by the architecture of the period. The spirit of the times and the social conditions of each period as affecting the architecture will be vividly set forth.

These lectures will be given every Monday evening beginning January 11 at 8:30 p. m. at 514 Culver way. The schedule is as follows:

Jan. 13. EGYPT: The Magnificent; The Cradle of Civilization;

Jan. 20. INDIA: The Seat of Hoary Wisdom and Superstition;

Jan. 27. NINEVEH and BABYLON: The Cities of The Great Rivers;

Feb. 3. GREECE: Mother of Arts and Sciences;

Feb. 10. ROME: Splendor and Slavery Rule the World;

Feb. 17. PERSIA: The Abode of Unparalleled Luxury;

Feb. 24. BYZANTUM: The Child of Greece and Persia;

March 3. THE DARK AGES: Good Lord Deliver Us!

March 10. THE MOSLEM EMPIRE: Allah Il Allah!

March 17. THE MIDDLE AGES: A New Light Dawns Upon the World;

March 24. THE RENAISSANCE: The Rebirth of Arts and Sciences;

March 31. MODERN TIMES: Most Wonderful and Terrible of All.

REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVIII. No. 2

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1919

PRICE TEN CENTS

REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," Reedy's Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to Reedy's Mirror, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The Gift of God

By William Marion Reedy

THEODORE ROOSEVELT dead! A glory of manhood passes from the world his abounding life made spiritually glad. It is as if something of the high and fine and brave and noble in you and me and all of us were struck a felon blow. For to those things in us he made insistent call for nearly forty years, and to that call they made response right willingly—yes, even though they gave reply in opposition to his wish or will. Up and away from petty selfish things he called us, always. Who of his time has not felt his influence in a quickening of the spirit, in a deepening emotion of fellowship with the best there is of earth! There was nothing frostily god-like about him; he was human, all too human. Our hearts he won no less by his frailties than by his power. For us he never soared too high and he could not sink beneath us. Ever we could follow him, heart or head. Idealist and pragmatist in each of us he appealed to in turn. Nothing that was human was foreign to him, except the base. He lived at the very topmost urge of being every hour of his life and he lived uncompromisingly for the right as he saw it. He made of duty an unflinching joy. No one ever better knew the rapture of the fight. His life was set to no rigid philosophic method and he rioted in what the world called inconsistencies. His calculated impetuosity were the delight of some and the despair of others. Looking over his public career today no one can put a finger upon an act that was indisputably wrong, though many things may be debatable. No one can completely define him, he was so many-faceted. Who shall say whether he was an aristodemocrat or a democratic aristocrat? He could make us feel so much with and of him, we could not say whether he led us or followed us. It seemed that it was in no small degree owing to the meeting of our thoughts and feelings in him that we became a nation long before the great war. He incarnated Americanism for us. There was no wrong however well entrenched he dared not attack. But he refused and defied classification. His attitude was in any issue that he took no side but that of right. Little regard he had for constitutions and such if he thought they barred the way to right. If a thing had to be done, in his opinion, he did it. With all his multiple personality he was no debating society. Innumerable are the assessments of his statesmanship now appearing. How many such have I penned in a quarter of a century as his career developed? I cannot tell. Now that eternal rest enfolds him, what can one say who knew him well but that he was a great man because he was so much of what makes up the common man. And the strangest thing about him was his capacity for love. He loved the woods and the winds and the waters and all wild things that them inhabit. He loved books of prose or verse, and fighting and all helpfulness of man for man. Statesman, scholar, warrior, cowboy, poet, artist, priest or presbyter, a pugilist or two, practical men, reformers—his sympathy embraced them all. Only mean things he abhorred. And he could pause in the midst of his multitudinous intensities to laugh at them in certain aspects, and at himself. In all the world no man had so many dear enemies. That he often erred no one was readier to admit than he. Not infrequently he functioned like some great natural force regardless of the fate of men it overwhelmed. He was an *elan vital* and woe to them who got in its way. In a crucial time of materialism he asserted

anti-materialism and he checked plutocracy at its apogee. Roosevelt made radicalism respectable in this country and helped more than any other one thing to give standing to the intellectuals who came in time to scorn him. He made the White House a popular resort for those who thought or did things. He discovered or converted the way of going to the folks back home to exercise compulsion on congress. The method was democratic if the results seemed autocratic. He wrecked his party to save it from wealth control, and he abandoned the new party, focused around himself, when other ends than his personal own seemed the more important. With regard to the war he opposed what he deemed concreteness to what he thought vague abstractions. In this he lived perilously, but there can be no doubt that his indefatigable opposition helped to clarify purpose and organize effectiveness. If he was chauvinistic we may say that he served a purpose in saving us from seeing only a wood, that may be a mirage, and ignoring the trees. He gave his son's life and his own to the great cause. There was so much of him that now it seems that only eternity can contain him. And so much good of him remains. There is not place nor time for tears for him, but only rejoicing that he was and is. Fame is his forever. Love, too, shall track him through history's pages. Hail and farewell to him happily named Theodore—for he was to his country and to the world a gift of God, a grace vouchsafed us that we might have faith in man.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Prohibition Comes

IT SEEMS to be conceded now that by February first enough state legislatures will have ratified the prohibition amendment to the national constitution to make it effective. The liquor interests have about abandoned all hope of averting their defeat. They are talking of appeal to the courts after the amendment is ratified. Of such appeal little is to be expected. The Supreme Court of the United States shows no wetness, not even dampness, in recent decisions on liquor questions. Prohibition is almost a certainty. The fact stands, however, that it comes upon us by ways not the most approved. It is decreed by politicians in fear of local puritanic camarillas, not by any definite mandate of the people. If this assumption is right, that there is no real popular approval of prohibition, we may be sure that it will be a dead letter, that it will create greater evils than it proposes to abolish, for no law can stand honestly when public opinion in the widest sense is opposed to it.

♦♦

Discontent in the Camps

THOSE who clamor for a big standing army and those who want compulsory military service in this country are not persons who are familiar with conditions in the cantonments. Surely there is no hope for militarism in the manner in which the men in the forces abroad are striving to get home. Senators and congressmen have little more to do these days than respond to the requests of their constituents to get themselves or their relatives out of the services. With no fighting in prospect the army and the navy have no attractions for the American youth. The attraction is the less as the soldiers and presumably the sailors find their pay delayed and their dependents deprived of prompt receipt of allotments. There is much general discontent over the dilatori-

ness of demobilization. The soldiers want to get back to work. Drill and discipline are irksome. In many of the cantonments there is an ugly mood among the men. Letters from the camps here are disquieting. The officers are more reconciled to conditions than the privates, but even the officers have lost interest in their duties. On every hand there is a recognition that the army cannot be disbanded all at once and the men turned loose in the cities, and in the country too, without provision for their absorption into the industries, but the complaints of detention are loudest from the soldiers who have jobs waiting for them. An exasperating regulation of the army is that soldiers having dependents shall not be discharged unless it can be shown that those dependents are in actual distress. Must the boys' mothers and sisters or wives and children be out on the streets without money or a home before the soldier can return to them? In the crisis of war the ruling that only actual, or acute, distress of dependents justifies the soldier's discharge is understandable, but it seems extreme, now that the war is ended. The men in the army and their relatives are impatient of delay in demobilization. Most of them are not softened in their bitterness by knowledge of the fact that many of their comrades have been able to get out of the service through political influence exercised at Washington. I quote here from a letter I received from one of the cantonments, a letter that duplicates in depiction of conditions and expression of opinion, letters from other encampments. The writer says: "Unless something is done here shortly the government will have to carry some of the men out of here dead, self-destroyed. I, fortunately, have not allowed myself to get in such a shape, but one of the chaplains told me yesterday he has three or four men whom he is watching very closely, and exerting himself many times to encourage them, so as to bolster them up. The morale is *nil*, and everybody goes about in a hap-hazard way with a vacant stare in his eyes, all waiting for something to happen. To date the discipline has been remarkable, just a very few away without leave, but some more, and quite a few at that, are figuring on it after pay day. I really think that if someone had nerve enough to start something he would have a large following in a very short while, and the red flag would occupy a prominent place. Such is the public opinion, depicting the frame of mind of almost everyone here."

♦♦

Mr. Long's Opening Gun

WE TAKE it that when Mr. Breckenridge Long, Third Assistant Secretary of State, replied, the other evening at the banquet of the big shoe-men's convention, to Senator Reed's forceful presentation of the pragmatic case against the President's proposed League of Nations, Mr. Long then and there fired the first gun of his campaign for the Democratic nomination for the junior United States senatorship from Missouri. Mr. Long is a capable young man and he has been a very useful one in his present position. There is nothing inherently wrong in his aspiration to the senatorship, for, as a matter of fact, he is a close and deep student of the higher politics. His candidacy for the place will put the contest upon a high level. He will have high-class rivals for the honor, some men of his own kind. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Long can induce the democracy of Missouri to prefer him to all other aspirants. The party will have to make sure of picking the strongest man, for nothing is more conclusively demonstrated than that the day is passed in which a Democratic nomination is equivalent to an election in Missouri. The heavy defeat of ex-Governor Folk last November was an eye-opener to the politicians of his party who, even if they did not like him, had no idea that he would not be elected. And Senator Spencer, the Republican victor over Governor Folk, is not the kind of man who is likely to make Missourians generally bitterly regret his election. Spencer is a man of high ability and of many ingratiating qualities. He will probably

be renominated. The Democrat who will beat him will have to be first-class in every respect. That Mr. Long will be the party choice none can now say. That he should be the choice cannot be determined until we have had a chance to study the other entrants in the race. Suffice to say that Mr. Long's character and attainments are such as to assure us that no scrub can beat him. His opening gun will be sure to call out other good men to compete with him.

♦♦

The Pope and Sinn Fein

I DON'T want to precipitate any trouble, but I wonder if, very recently, at Rome, anything was said to or by His Holiness, Benedict XV, about the Sinn Feiners in Ireland. The Catholic clergy in Ireland came out strong for the Sinn Fein movement and now that movement is taking form tentatively as one for the establishment of a self-determined republic of Ireland. Needless to say, the proclamation of an Irish republic will not help strengthen the position of Great Britain in the peace conference as a friend of democracy and the small nations. There have been times in the past when the Vatican took a hand in Irish politics to the advantage of Great Britain. At least, good Irish republicans and democrats have said as much. But it may be that the Sovereign Pontiff doesn't care how much trouble Sinn Fein may make for the Allies when he considers that secret treaty between those same allies in which it was agreed that in no circumstances should the Pope have a place at the peace table. This was demanded and secured by both France and Italy. French statesmen had to explain to their people that the President's visit to the Pope was nothing but a courtesy. Italians had to be assured beforehand that the visit did not indicate a reestablishment of the Temporal Power. It is plain that some people suspected some politics in the call and it is only natural that, considering the Catholic clergy's support of Sinn Fein in Ireland and the importance of the Irish question to Great Britain, some approaches might have been made towards the exercise of Papal influence in mollification of the Irish intransigents. Still, the Irish, now, more than ever, take their religion and not their politics from Rome, and some of the best ability and finest enthusiasm in the Sinn Fein movement is Protestant. The Pope cannot help Great Britain much at this juncture. It is doubtful if he could influence the clergy now to action against Irish interests like unto that they took when they turned against Parnell.

♦♦

No Hospital for Soldiers Here

WHEN, if ever, are we to have that government hospital here for the care of wounded or sick soldiers from our armies overseas? Under the regulation that such soldiers shall be sent to hospitals nearest their homes, it is absurd that soldiers from this city and its vicinity can be sent to no hospital nearer than Des Moines, Iowa. We have heard that the government is to take over the city infirmary, but, if so, what has been done about it? And if that institution be so taken, what is to be done with the great number of patients now housed there? It is hard to understand why the government refused to take the abandoned Southern hotel for a hospital, when we consider that in other large cities structures no more favorably located and not nearly so well equipped for hospital purposes have been accepted.

♦♦

The Y. M. C. A.

A FEW days ago the St. Louis Republic printed a long article in which it set forth the necessity for an investigation of the rumors and charges of soldiers at the front against the Y. M. C. A. Reference to these charges has been made several times in these columns. It is gratifying to know that they will be investigated. The charges include one to the effect that the soldiers had to pay the Y. M. C. A. more for such necessities and luxuries as that organization purveyed, than they had to pay elsewhere. Another complaint is that the Y. M. C. A. secretaries and others gave in their conduct indica-

tions that they placed the spiritual welfare of the soldiers above their temporal welfare. The soldiers thought that the organization had too much religiosity about it, with its concern for saving their souls while they were saving civilization. Likewise some soldiers were offended by the presence of Y. M. C. A. huskies who, the soldiers thought, should have been fighting. Once or twice the *Stars and Stripes* took a shot at the offensiveness of the assumption of some Y. M. C. A. workers that the soldiers were spiritually lost. There may be other complaints, but these are the chief ones. It is only fair to say that complaint was to have been expected. Undoubtedly many soldiers thought, and so did many people who subscribed to Y. M. C. A. drives, that the comforts and delicacies of the Y. M. C. A. huts were to be given free. There was indignation when those things were charged for at an advance upon the prices at the quartermasters' stores. This profiteering we are informed was stopped as soon as it was brought to the attention of the authorities. As for the excesses of religious zeal on the part of the Y. M. C. A. workers, that could not well be avoided. Such zeal is usually not easily restrained. Among so many workers there could not but have been many injudicious zealots of religious propaganda. That they were in the majority we cannot believe, remembering the many tributes paid by the soldiers to the courage and devotion in the midst of danger of the Y. M. C. A. men. The insinuations and open accusations against the Y. M. C. A. have probably the defects of the human nature of those who make them, but they have had such an unpleasant effect upon the people at home that we have heard them cited as reason for the difficulty in raising the amount of money called for in the joint war work campaign for funds. The Y. M. C. A. is too large an institution and of too great actual and potential social value to make it anything short of social disaster if the organization should be permanently discredited. That the heads of the organization should declare for a drastic investigation of charges is, therefore, good news. The truth is all the public wants, and the public is not disinclined to make allowances for many faults. Everybody hopes and indeed most people believe that the institution will be vindicated in such signal fashion that the Y. M. C. A. will have no difficulty whatever in securing financial support for those valuable activities of service it will be called upon to contribute to the huge undertaking of social and industrial reconstruction.

♦♦

Vote the Hundred Million

ONE hundred million dollars to feed Europe! It is a mere bagatelle. It's the best thing we can do to save civilization now. This country and the Allies must do it to make good their pledge of ultimate purpose. What! feed Germany, too? Yes, feed Germany, too, that she may revert to civilization from past barbarism, as soon as possible. Food for Europe is the thing that will soonest and surest put an end to the excesses of Bolshevism, as distinct from that in Bolshevism which is merely progressive democracy. I should say too that when the present armistice is extended, as it must be, there should be a loosening of the blockade in Germany. This not only to feed the people of Germany, but to enable a starting up of industry there. If we don't help them to this extent to get business going, how are the Germans to pay the damages that are to be assessed against them? If we put them in a fix in which they cannot pay we shall have to do the paying ourselves. The Allies united for war have made a stupendous showing. They should, in accordance with their professions, unite for the ends of peace. That would be the appropriate beginning of a League of Nations, a demonstration of its practicability. A pooling of resources for European relief would tend to get the nations closer together on other questions coming up at the peace conference. Our one hundred millions and the millions to be contributed by the Allies would be productive, whereas our co-operation thus far has been wholly destructive. In so far as the peace to

be framed is to be a peoples' peace, it is plain that the provision for relief would tend to bring all peoples together, behind the assembled diplomatists, in favor of the grand idea for which President Wilson has been evangelizing in Europe for some weeks. It would be too bad if obstructionism in our congress should delay our voting the \$100,000,000 that is our share of the work of social salvage. It would be too bad also if the expenditure of the money should be surrounded with restrictions that would prevent early relief. We have spent billions rather recklessly to kill people. At least as generously we should spend one hundred millions to keep people alive. Why haggle at the appropriation the President has asked when we think of the \$34,000,000 that was wasted on the ship yard enterprise on Hog Island?



Save the Workers and the Kids

MISSOURI will probably get a workmen's compensation law out of the legislature now assembling. It is time we should. Such laws are in existence in the more progressive states and in the most progressive countries of Europe. They are not only humane, but profitable, as insurance. They save employers vast sums in verdicts of damages. They make for better shop and store conditions. They save the community from the burden of "charity." They tend to diminish the number of accidents in industry by promoting the utilization of safety devices. It is an anachronistic absurdity that all the risks of employment should be taken by the workers. Everybody knows by what methods workers are prevented from getting compensation through the courts. The law's delays are against them. And employers know only too well the annoyance and vexation and costliness of fighting flimsy and false claims for damages. It is doubtful that a compensation law will promote the fine art of malingering. It might if it included social insurance for sickness generally, but the proposed law for Missouri does not contemplate that. The duty of the state is to make and to save men, and compensation laws work to that end. The past four years have taught us much as to man-value. We must conserve and increase it. We must awaken to the fact that while the citizen owes duty to the state, the state owes such protection as compensation acts imply, to the citizen. Governor Gardner does well in standing up for the proposed compensation law. He does well too in declaring his support of the legislation proposed by the Children's Code commission. That legislation is of a piece with the proposed compensation law. The General Assembly should proceed promptly to put into effect the whole programme of human conservation. Opposition to it is selfish and short-sighted. Now is the time when government should assert its constructive function to the utmost, giving security of life and limb to the workers and keeping for the children their youth as long as possible. Labor and childhood must not be sacrificed to Mammon. They must be saved that in the end they may be the better and happier workers at the task of shaping the world into a place where life at its highest may be had more abundantly. The first thing our legislators should do after organization is to pass the compensation law and the laws formulated by the Children's Code commission.



Redistrict the State

It is time for Missouri to be redistricted so that the Republicans of the state shall have that representation in congress and in the state legislature to which they are entitled by virtue of their numbers. The partisan gerrymandering of the state at present is too grossly unfair to be justified by the rankest partisanship. Fixing a state so that the Republicans may have but one congressman is an abomination. It is old stuff in politics and should be jettisoned at once. When the state elects a Republican senator, as it did last November, the political cinch of the Democracy is busted. When, in spite of gerrymandered districts, sure thing Demo-

cratic nominees for congress are defeated and the most popular of Missourians in congress is elected by a tight squeeze, the jig is up for the old gang. Democrats might as well make a virtue of necessity and give the Republicans a fair deal. They should do this because the time is coming when the Republicans will come into power and when this happens it would be a good thing to be able to make a showing of reparation of an old political wrong, if only as an argument against Republican reprisals.



To Save the Primary

PROPOSAL is made that Missouri's primary law as to nominations for office shall be amended. Maybe it needs amendment, but certainly it doesn't need amendment that will be equivalent to repeal. There are defects in the law, but honest Democrats do not believe that its chief defect is that it gives the people too exclusive control of nominations. Rather, there is not enough popular control. The trouble is that the bosses and fixers and the interests have too much to do about nominations. To hark back to the old plan of nomination by conventions is not the way of betterment. Suppose it is true that the present primary law has given us men poorer in quality than we secured through the convention—not that I admit this wholly. Why is this thus? Because the aspirants of poor quality are exactly those who are easiest controlled and aided by the political machines. The better men do not commend themselves to the gang. Nor do the better men who may aspire to office sell themselves to certain big interests by soliciting financial support in a primary canvass. The poor man cannot afford a primary campaign for nomination, and another one possibly, for election. He is too poor, in another sense, if he will take money to make his race, from men who will collect in privileges in the event of his success at the polls. That this thing has happened we are well assured by observation of results. It is the same thing as the operation of the old clogged convention, in which leaders got together and parceled out nominations ostensibly on geographical considerations, but in fact to give the nominations to men they could control in office. To go back to that would be an atrocious recantation of democracy and a perversion of the republican form of government. That the machines of both the old parties are getting together for primary "reform" means that they want to reform all reform out of the primary law. To expect any other purpose from the machines, whatever their professions, would be guilelessness amounting to imbecility. The way to keep the tools of the big interests from using the primary, and therefore the way to get better men as candidates, is to make provision that the state shall pay all the expenses of all candidates for both nomination and election and that all other contributions to such expenses shall be forbidden under severe penalty. This would give every aspirant to office a chance. It would be expensive—yes. But we would get better men in office as our public servants. I don't expect that the Missouri legislature will so amend the primary law. Therefore, I would say that it behooves all good democrats to keep a sharp watch on any measure of primary reform that may come up with the approval of both the Democratic and Republican state central committees. If the committees can control the primary we know what they will do next. They will take up the revision of the constitution in a convention they will pack at the behest of their masters, and abolish the initiative and referendum. That's the game of those of the committeemen who know what they are about.



Free the Political Prisoners

NO AMNESTY has yet been granted those political prisoners in the United States who are held in duress for exercising freedom of speech in opposition to the government's course in the war. The war is over. The persons convicted are no longer dangerous, if they ever were. Most of them gave no overt

aid to the nation's enemies. Most of them were and are enemies of the nation's late enemies. Most of them it is safe to assume are in sympathy with the present expressed purposes of the government. They are against more war. They favor a league of peace. They think the thoughts and speak the language of President Wilson. They are for open diplomacy—for free speech diplomacy. They are for national self-determination or even for an internationalism that goes beyond that which President Wilson preaches by the Potomac, the Seine, the Thames and Tiber. In so far as the President can do this and remain a good American, these prisoners are good Americans. Their principles do not conflict with this country's principles as Mr. Wilson outlines them. These people, in so far as they have any influence because of their opinions, should be exercising that influence outside of jails and penitentiaries rather than inside. They are more harmful in prison than they ever were out of prison. Their plight causes other democracies to doubt the integrity of our democracy. They should be pardoned without condition. They should be permitted to speak what they will. Their imprisonment has not extinguished their ideas. On the contrary their punishment is an influence against national solidarity and political unanimity as regards the peace adjustments. In so far as these people may have been wrong, their liberation now would be a refutation of their positions erstwhile. It would at least be proof that free speech can exist in this country in time of peace. Let them go free!



Change of Policy Towards Russia

JAPAN is withdrawing her forces from Siberia. The cables say that Great Britain will send no more troops to Russia and will withdraw those already there. Advices from London and Paris are that the Allies are to let the Russians alone, that they may settle their own affairs among and between themselves. It may be assumed that if the Allies withdraw their armed forces from Russia, this country will do likewise. The Bolsheviki have, all things considered, the only government there is in Russia. They are not weakening, but growing in strength. Moreover, events have shown that the Lenine and Trotzky government was not the tool of Potsdam as we were led to suppose. The Bolsheviki, in no small measure, contributed to the downfall of Kaiserism. English workers and French proletarians are said to have brought influence to bear on their governments to change the attitude towards Russia. Fighting the Bolsheviki is for us rather inconsistent, for there is a patent similarity in the Bolshevik situation to our own position in our revolution. We talk about them today as British Tories then talked of us. Monarchical Europe attacked the French revolution on much the same grounds that are now given for the military attack upon the Russians. It seems to me that since the President has been in Europe something has been learned about Russia from other sources than her noble *émigrés* and the bankers who grieve over repudiated debts. There has been a subtle change in the tone of the dispatches with regard to Russia. No careful reader of the news can fail to notice it. I see some sign of an effect of the President's trip abroad in the fact that the foreign press speaks more respectfully and propitiately concerning the world's labor congress which will convene at Lausanne next Monday. That congress proposes to make some declarations of importance concerning the peace programme. It will back up Mr. Wilson's League of Nations and propose an international labor programme. It will have something to say about Russia and about Germany too. It will be in effect a reply to the President's appeal to the European people, and, maybe, a demand upon the peace conference. The popular voice is against war upon Russia. Senators Johnson and La Follette in this country echo that voice. The demand is that Russians be let alone, even as our President said the Mexicans should be let alone in settling their own affairs. And if these tentative deductions from the news be correct they must

carry the implication too that neither this country nor the Allies will be lured into intervention in Germany's domestic troubles now so acute. Some of the old regime in Germany are playing up the danger of Bolshevism there as if to soften peace terms, and to get the Allies to help reaction, but apparently Bolshevism is not the boggy it was a short time ago.

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"From Her Late Residence"

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

"SERVICES at two" says her daughter,
"An' I guess she would have wanted you to come."

Ma was sorter queer. If you *are* a Movie Actress I have an idea she kinder liked you
For all she was always so glum.
So I pussy-foots to the parlor,
Thinking—"What a wise day to die!"
To dodge the Sunday dinner and the Monday wash,
Make a hasty exit with her make-up on,
In this broiling hot July!"

They were scrubbed and steaming farmers
And their wives in comedy clothes,
Red-eyed and solemn and sniffing and staring
At us summer boarders in our tight white shoes,—
Me putting powder on my nose!
And there was Mrs. Meeker lying—
A summer week-day afternoon at two—
Her fat hands folded on her polka-dotted dress,
Her fat face cooled from the kitchen sweat,
Without an earthly thing to do!

*"Angel faces bright and fair,
In the skies!
Harb and crown are waiting there.
Sleeper, rise!"*

(A rocking chair would be more her number,—
Old slippers and a palm leaf fan!)

*"Abra'm's tender bosom waits,
In the skies,
Just beyond the pearly gates!
Sleeper, rise!"*

("Oh, gee," I thought, "are they trying to wake her
So she'll have to get up and cook?")

Then a Rural Drama Minister
With the sprightly expression of a clod,
And a spry Adam's apple in his long, lean neck,
Forty fierce minutes by my wet wrist watch
Ran a five-reel scandal on God!
It was honest-to-goodness awful—
The stuff he had the wicked nerve to tell!
I had a creepy feeling that the coffin shook
But I thought 'it wasn't up to me to call him,
For I don't know God very well.

Just then her bird began to sing—
Her noisy old canary bird
No one had thought to cover up.—
You couldn't hear a word!

*"It isn't true! It isn't true!"
He drowned the sermon with his song.
"Listen to me! Listen to ME!
"He's wrong! He's wrong!" He's wrong!"*

He shrieked and shouted, piercing, clear,
"God never sent the toil and pain!"
He spilled it on that barren room
Like showers of golden rain.

*"There isn't any Judgment Day!
There is no Wrath of God Above!"
(The coffin didn't quiver now!)
"Love—love—love—love! LOVE! LOVE!"*

Her daughter got him out in a minute
And put him where he couldn't be heard,
But anyhow, the four of us had understood,—
Tired Mrs. Meeker in her polka-dotted dress,
And God and me and the bird.

Governor Al Smith

By Owen Merryhue

ONCE more the political centre of gravity has shifted in New York state. On New Year's day, a Democratic governor and lieutenant-governor were inaugurated at Albany. The Republicans retain the rest of the state offices and the control of the legislature, a division which gives the Democrats the responsibility and the Republicans the power.

The change means most to the defeated candidate, Whitman, less to the successful candidate, Smith, and hardly anything to the people. To ex-Governor Whitman it seems to mean that the ship which he steered with great skill and success for nearly twenty years, in the troubled waters of politics, and which bore him within sight of the White House, has foundered with no hope of salvage. He was a typical opportunist and so were his political supporters. His defeat carries none of the consolation which sacrifice for a cause confers and none of the loyalty which it often engenders. His legions will seek another leader who has not lost his power to reward.

Almost the only solid benefit that success brings to "Al" Smith is the proof it affords of his great personal popularity. After sixteen years of political life he comes to his new office in a state of highly honorable poverty. The state of New York expects him to maintain the dignity of its highest office on the munificent salary of \$10,000 per annum. It never could be done, and at present prices it is absurdly impossible. A former governor is now being dragged through bankruptcy, brought on by necessary expenditures to eke out his salary while in office. Thus does a democracy reward its servants! Governor Smith is not a lawyer and so lacks that usual method of capitalizing political prominence. So much for a side of the matter which might be passed over were it not that such unwise parsimony deserves public rebuke.

Governor Smith will have to struggle for two years with a hostile legislature, friendly to him personally but not likely to lose any chances of putting him in a political hole. As the legislature has not a large enough majority to pass bills over his veto, it can put up to him measures which, being popular with certain sections of the community, it will hurt him to veto. Even the most enthusiastic of the governor's friends can hardly hope that he will repeat in 1920 his success of this year; in a vote which was only two-thirds of the enrollment he won by seven-tenths of one per cent of the vote cast, at a time when the Republican state organization was seething with disaffection. A large proportion of the stay-at-home voters are believed to be Republicans who have contracted the thrifty habit of not voting at all unless sufficient financial stimulus is applied. And this year campaign funds were scanty. Experience teaches that such inducements are never lacking to "the party of great moral ideas" in presidential years.

One fact favorable to Governor Smith should not be overlooked. It has not been given the prominence it deserves by the daily press, which is intent upon proving Wilson's repudiation by the figures of the late election. New York had about 375,000 men in all arms of the service. Of this number only 26,000 got a chance to vote. Of these votes, Smith and his Democratic colleagues got 17,000 to Whitman's 9,000. If this ratio were maintained, Smith's majority would be nearly 90,000 instead of about 15,000. *The important consideration is that if these figures are any indication of the state of mind of the army, it would mean that Wilson would have been upheld had the soldier vote been counted for U. S. senators and congressmen throughout the country.*

To the public which desires progressive legislation (if indeed such a public exists, outside of the imagination of some "crack-brained visionaries"), the change means nothing. The new governor starts out

with a brave message to the legislature, which is already discounted by the plutagogic press. They know that they can rely on the "tried and true" majority in the legislature to bury all such Bolshevism as municipal ownership, trust regulation and other related matters. And they know that even the Democratic minority has no great ardor for innovation. There is no line of economic cleavage between Republican and Democratic political leaders. The former are mostly rural and the latter urban, but they both respect and protect the "interests"—different interests, but interests, none the less. It is their service to which the politician aspires, when after a period of arduous labors he has been found out by his constituents. They control the oases of easy living in a world of hard competition. Though they make life hard for some they make it worth living for those on whom they shed the light of their countenance.

How narrow is the dividing line between the parties in New York is shown by the ease with which combinations were made in districts where Socialist success was feared. That party had ten representatives in the last assembly; it has only two in this one. All the others were extinguished by an alliance which showed that the only issue at stake between the parties was, whose friends would get the "chicken-feed," which is all that a rigid civil service law has left of the state's patronage at the disposal of the politicians. In the opinion of the best judges this era of "good feeling" cannot long continue. It is fraught with danger for both parties and for the commonwealth. Already we have seen a bill to provide a life-office for a Republican county chairman introduced by a Democratic senator, passed *nem. con.*, signed by a Republican governor, and the appointment made, to an utterly unnecessary position made by a bi-partisan board of judges.

Unless some impulse comes from the people, no one need look for much light from this section of the East. It is only fair to Governor Smith to say that, so far as he has, at various times, given utterance to his private views they have been of a radical tinge, but he is so hedged about that he knows that he can accomplish little; that to do this he must take grave risks with his future; probably his political experience retains the recollection of many men who have tried to do something for the people, and whom the people have relegated to oblivion. He probably holds no cause in such affection that, for its sake, he would be willing to incur their fate.

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Units

By Harry B. Kennon

"WELL, so long, Pete!"
"Pete!" Never had Peter the merchant been so contemptuously addressed. He watched John, his former employe, swing soldierly out of his store, the sting of that familiar "Pete" smarting. He turned about to see if Ann, his bookkeeper and cashier, had heard.

Ann, clicking away on the adding machine, had heard; but of course, Ann, too, had watched the soldierly swing of the retreating figure, and if Ann inadvertently punched a five for a seven, why that was her affair and Peter's. John was out of it. Peter breathed a sigh of relief, seeing that Ann's eyes were on the machine, Ann's fingers flying.

Behold then the eternal triangle of story—two men and a woman.

Two women and a man would do as well, to be sure, if this were that kind of a story or a story of any but the New Era into which all parties to it have been cornered by dogs of war. Sex is of it, of necessity, passion of sorts; but love is neither in it nor of it. This is a strictly down-to-date telling. Love is no more all of passion than is greed the sum total of deadly sins.

Peter and John and Ann—

How old is Ann? Burning question, if still im-

polite. Well, Ann is as old as any may choose to imagine her, as well endowed with looks and charm. Possibly reference to John's age may furnish a hint of Ann's, since Ann is his present obfuscation.

John is exactly twenty-four. Naturally neither a crone nor a flapper would throw so young a man into a state of mind. So, that is Ann's age within limits of waning courtesy. Not that her years signify—Ann is of to-day, yesterday and forever, particularly of to-day.

Before our country's entry into the late war—pleasant to write that word "late," though peace is still in the offing—Peter conducted an apparently prosperous business in Unity, a town of some twenty odd thousand inhabitants; a business precisely similar to the greatest of metropolitan ventures in that it was run for all the proprietor could get out of it. Peter was known to Unity as a "getter,"—is yet.

When war first broke out in Europe Peter threw spectacular spasms at the immediate advance in the prices of merchandise; war continuing and prices leaping were glasses through which Peter the merchant saw a great light. That five years of strife have added measurably—don't thump the bottom of the measure—to Peter's profits is possibly beside the question. One does not press such questions. It isn't done.

The tale runs that when these United States did engage in the war Peter the merchant emerged Peter the patriot, the flag-waver, bond-buyer and eke Unity's crusader for conservation. Did not the Stars and Stripes hang in Peter's store for all to salute? They did and do. Did not a service flag hang in Peter's show window until yesterday? It did. That the flag bore but a single star detracted from Peter's repute for unselfish love of country not a particle. Shall a man give more than his best? Unity is but a little city, Peter's but a business adapted to the size of it. Peter furnished his quota—hung the symbol of his sacrifice where all could see. There were others.

In the already ancient days of piping peace, when all knew a new peace is now recomposing, John kept Peter's books and acted as Peter's cashier. To the satisfaction of both, and for twenty dollars a week, John did these things from young youth into manhood; from errand-boy-at-keep to cashier-at-twenty John achieved, for Peter was a generous man and respected,—is yet.

Now twenty dollars a week is no fortune anywhere, but twenty sure bones of a Saturday night enables a quiet young man to do himself very well in a little city. John did himself as well as he mildly knew how, even to the social stunt in a sort of way—met Ann, probably, on the dead democratic level of Unity society: a cashier isn't a clerk, even in Unity.

Otherwise John was the only son of his mother, and she a pensioned widow related distantly to Peter: he remained "Johnnie" to his mother at twenty-four, was called John by everybody and had never been hailed as "Jack" by a soul.

Such was Peter's quota—a soft, small town bit of stuff. Very well. But somewhere in the quota's make-up was a nerve that sang quiveringly to martial music—to the sound of fife and drum. Drums were beating to purpose and fifes shrilling in April, 1917, for the first time in John's methodical young life. The nerve sang quiveringly no more, but even strong, exultant. The Great Adventure called! Consulting none but his mother, John enlisted. As he simply saw it there was nothing else to do.

And John's little city deified him as she deified her other sons volunteering to follow fife and drum through the streets.

Peter, at first non-plussed, soon began to persepire patriotically. John was his hero. He spoke

of his cashier as if he were his own and onliest son. Nothing too good for John then. Nothing too good for John when he should come back, and Peter's voice trickled tears through the "come back." So, John walked a god among his townsmen, a God in his mother's cottage. Glory soon sped for glory greater. When the boys marched away to the station—Ah! the sweet Spring air . . . Ah! the music—the partings . . . Ann was there waving a flag, wetting a pocket handkerchief.

Did the fifes shrill "The Girl I Left Behind Me"? Ask Ann, ask Peter, ask John. This is no love story.

So John went for a soldier. Peter put up a one-star service flag in his show window and wept. Peter put an advertisement in the Unity Banner, and waited.

And here Ann properly steps into the story. Ann, daughter of a retired farmer, had aspirations beyond living on Pa's money that tenants brought in abundantly enough for Pa's family wants and settings aside for the rainy day that retired farmers roll on their tongues. Pa, too, had ideas of plain living and dressing that Ann found disconcerting. Pa expressed his ideas without feebleness at any natural exhibition of feminine extravagance in his family. Pa on silk stockings was a cyclone. Pa had never pored over a fashion paper. Pa was an autocrat.

So Ann, pondering Pa and his ways, attended the Normal school, fitting herself for a teacher. That meant social position in Unity; the preacher's wife could step no higher. Social position meant clothes. And clothes! Ah! that was another pair of shoes and everything that Anns so deliciously drape themselves with from their shoes up. Ann counted the cost of clothes. How the cost mounted! Ann thought of Pa. What Ann said is not to be printed. Ann is entirely modern.

War, John's going, Peter's advertisement were to Ann what fife and drum had been to the departed soldier. Fired by a high and holy purpose to be freed from Pa's autocracy, to make the world safe for well-dressed democracy, to step into the breach and do the work of a man "over there" bleeding and dying that the world should be a safer place to live in, Ann hied herself to Peter's store and applied for John's job.

And John's service flag hung bravely in Peter's show window.

And Ann got John's twenty dollar job—at ten dollars a week.

And business went on as usual; rather better, for Unity had captured an army contract or so that bred spenders. Unity held all manner of meetings for the great cause. Peter often presided, Ann was always among those present, knitting. Unity sang "Send Him Away With A Smile" and "Over There" lengthily and lustily and continuously—

Which was all just "Hush a'Bye Baby" as far as it all concerned John. The nearest John got to "over there" was Camp Grant where he did his duty soldierly, where he suffered longings that boys who fared to Flanders will never know. Then what happened happened—armistice—peace in the air—honorable discharge from service—roundabout, uncomfortable routing back to Unity—Unity at last!

So our Johnnie came marching home.

Fine he looked and fit as he swung into Peter's store, for his carriage in his khaki, so soon to be cast aside, covered his disappointment at not making rags of it in the fight; and his features had taken on a look that denied sympathy. The old John and a new John fit and fine and confident swung into Peter's store to take on his old job.

Then did Peter the patriot have a heart to heart conference with Peter the merchant. Peter was up against it.

But not for long. Chivalry conquered. Commercial chivalry.

For if Peter the Hermit preached the first cru-

sade to his everlasting glory and the boredom of every student of Green's Grammar, Peter the merchant knew how to preach the latest, "Woman in Industry," to his financial advantage. He threw the whole goodnight of John's lost job on John's manhood, told him of Ann's good work, moaned at the injustice of letting her out, pleaded the business not sufficient to employ both, the prospect of falling prices, said Ann—

John looked towards his old stool where Ann was perched. He looked away, looked towards the street. His one-star symbol of service hung bravely in Peter's show window—a trifle dimmed perhaps, a trifle soiled, but bravely. He walked to the window and took down the flag.

"Guess you're through with this," he said.

"Why, John! John!" exclaimed Peter, very distressed.

"War's over," laughed John, ramming the flag in the breast of his coat. "Hello! What's that?"

That was the click of Peter's recently acquired adding-machine manipulated by Ann's efficient fingers.

"So," said John, "you've got one of the time-savers I begged you to get, at last."

"Had to," replied Peter. "Cost like smoke. Makes me dead sure of my totals though."

"Damned sure," agreed John the soldier.

"Click-click," went the adding-machine. Ann was dead sure of her totals too, dead sure of her job.

"Well, so long, Pete!"

John swung himself out of the store.

But why did Ann, just then, punch a five for a seven?

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The End of the Deluge

By Samuel McChord Crothers

SCENE: *The Ark. NOAH looking out of the window. SHEM, HAM and JAPHET seated with their backs to the window.*

NOAH: I can't see the dove anywhere.

SHEM (*peevishly*): I said you'd never see that dove again. And we've lost a perfectly good raven. It's foolish to leave the window open in a time like this.

NOAH: Rejoice, my son, that the dove does not return. It is a sign that the waters of the flood are abating.

SHEM: Last week, when the dove came back, you said *that* was a good sign.

NOAH (*gently*): But, my son, you remember it brought us an olive leaf.

SHEM: It was water-soaked. What's an olive leaf in a great flood like this?

NOAH: Cheer up, my son. For forty days and forty nights the windows of heaven were opened, but after that when I looked out I saw signs that made me sure that the waters were abating. Let us accept the good omens. Soon we shall go out again into the pleasant fields.

HAM: That's the trouble with you, father. You are always seeing things. I remember hearing people call you visionary. I didn't know what they meant then, but I know now. You see things before they happen.

NOAH: That's a good way to see them, my son. It gives one time to prepare for them. When I saw that there was going to be a flood I got ready for it. And now that the flood is coming to an end I'm getting ready for that. Come to the window and I'll show you something that will gladden your eyes.

JAPHET: I suppose, father, you expect us to see dry land.

NOAH: I think it is time for you to look for it.

JAPHET: But it would interfere with our work of carrying on the Ark. After we've built an ark like this and filled it with animals, you don't think

that we're going to give it up just because it has stopped raining. We're going to see this thing through.

HAM: Yes, and we have just been talking of having our children taught so that they can build a bigger and better Ark. And if they are to build a bigger Ark they must have faith to believe that there will be a bigger flood to float it. You can't neglect the spiritual.

NOAH: But, my son, you must not think that floods go on forever. I lived six hundred years before anything like this happened.

JAPHET: How monotonous the old times were! But let's not talk about the past or the future, but about the present. We are not ante-diluvians or post-diluvians but diluvians. It's a waste of time to talk about anything but the flood. Let us treat it as something permanent.

SHEM: Yes, we must be practical and not delude ourselves with doves and ravens and olive leaves and rainbows. We have been shut up in this Ark a long time, and it will be a longer time before we are out of it. We must prepare our minds for that.

The Ark gives a sudden lurch, there is a grinding sound, and then all is quiet. SHEM, HAM and JAPHET are rolled about and then recover themselves.

SHEM: That was the biggest wave yet! I believe the flood is just beginning. This seems to me like the real thing. As I was saying, father, we must not let hopefulness deceive us. We must all of us face the hard facts.

NOAH (looking out of the window): That's what I am doing. The hard fact is Mount Aarat—and we're on it.

—From the *Christian Register*.

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A Bolshevik 5th Ave. Rector

By Francis A. House

DR. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT, rector of what the newspapers call the "fashionable" Ascension church on Fifth avenue, New York, is a determined, intransigent, eloquent advocate of radical social reforms. Though a dweller in the purlieus of the very citadel of Mammon, he is acutely aware of the burdens and hopes of the submerged lowly, the workers—the proletarians, in short. He is intolerant of half-measures, of opportunism, of obscurantism. His sympathy is socially all inclusive. He would reform the whole sorry scheme altogether and immediately, if possible. His *credo* consists of a defiant, soaring optimism. It breathes a militancy remindful of that other doctor of divinity who nailed his theses on the church-door at Wittenberg in 1517. Because he is impulsive, because he feels his ideas, he is given to generalizations some will think occasionally too sweeping, that carry him too far. Another foible of his is to put excessive trust in statistics. This is quite a common fault nowadays. Statistical tables are presumptive, not conclusive, evidence. To smug, conventional churchianity, Dr. Grant's views must seem appallingly heterodox. He holds that Christianity was intended to be an economic establishment, and leans to the opinion that the medieval canonists were the earliest exponents of modern political economy. Religion can be more useful than it is today, if it can be hitched up with economics. It can get a little emotion into action, but it must know the causes of things. Dr. Grant presents forcefully the merits of the Open Forum as a clarifying influence, with something of the religious quality as applying to civics.

In the preface to his latest book, "Fair Play for the Workers," published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York, Dr. Grant advances the idea that "goodness, and not evil, is the original thing in human nature." Malthusianism he considers dead, for "Professor Patten proves that we are living in a surplus, not in a deficit, civilization." Regarding this particular point, it may be said that the pessimistic

theory of Malthus has been held in contempt for many years. That it ever had a wide vogue among savants and philosophers is doubtful. The prevailing insufficiency of food supplies in Europe cannot reasonably be claimed to support it. Famine conditions are the obvious outgrowth of the direct and indirect effects of war upon production and transportation. There is plenty of room for population, but the earth is a "closed shop," landlordism shuts out the newcomers. Adam Smith, too, he of "The Wealth of Nations," is given his *congé* by Dr. Grant, who lays down the dictum that "changed social ideas produce changed economic theories." Then, parenthetically, comes this dramatic announcement: "Exit Adam Smith. Enter Jesus!" Our old friend, Friedrich Nietzsche, still seems to occupy his niche of honor at the Ascension rectory. His saying that "life is that which must ever surpass itself" is quoted repeatedly and with gusto. This successive exaltation, this struggle towards the summit of the superman, can be achieved only by "the impulse to clarity, by knowledge of the meaning of things." Dr. Grant would have us consider Nietzsche one of the epigones of Virgil, who wrote "*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas?*"

Necessarily, our author has much to say respecting the influences of the war upon the uplift propaganda. Such advances as have already been made must not be lost. There must be no relapse, no concessions to the powers of reaction. Great changes have occurred in the domestic affairs of the belligerent nations. Stephen McKenna, nephew of the former chancellor of the exchequer, said in an interview: "England has had changes amounting in effect to a social revolution, as a result of the war, and America will probably experience much the same thing." Well, America is experiencing them right along. *Circumspice!* The transformatory effects of the war are apparent in all directions, felt by all classes of the people in varying degrees. We behold the dawn of a *vita nuova*. New wine is poured into new bottles. Ancient errors, fears, prejudices and superstitions are vanishing like mist before the rising sun. Conservatives, stand-patters, "practical politicians" are in a state of consternation. They feel the foundations of belief sinking under their feet. The Golden Rule will not be entirely ignored in the new system of efficiency. As Ralph Waldo Emerson says somewhere: "That which was ecstasy shall become daily bread."

In his discussion of "the worker's lost status and unrest," Dr. Grant gives us a fragmentary sketch of the rise of the proletariat since the feudal ages, that is, since about 1400. He puts stress upon some interesting historical facts. He reminds us, for instance, that the "working class" and the "labor question" had to be dealt with in England as early as 1450. He thinks that "the French revolution and the English Reform bill did not emancipate the workers. These were revolutions of the capitalistic and mercantile classes against the control of feudal lords and the clergy. The people were left out." Perhaps this statement is too broad, and not fully in accord with historical records, even though it be true that, in Great Britain, at least, the state of peasants and industrial workers continued miserable and degrading up to about 1871. The first effects of the introduction of machinery were admittedly evil rather than good, all the more so because an abominable, inhuman system of land-tenure drove great multitudes of agricultural workers into industrial cities. Emancipation proceeded faster in France, because the great revolution, after an interval of a few years, was followed by the Corsican's *régime*. Notwithstanding his autocratic character, Bonaparte's government was essentially liberalistic. He favored the common people. He brought about many far-reaching reforms. His great code of laws is, in the main, based on democratic principles. The permanent results of his militaristic achievements were constructive. They fostered the growth of democratic ideals, notwithstanding the Holy Alliance and a reactionary interregnum of thirty-five or forty years. Dr. Grant's assertion that the general revolu-

tion was of capitalistic origin I consider utterly wrong. It was *le peuple*, or, in aristocratic parlance, *la canaille*, which stormed the Bastille, marched to Versailles, and acclaimed the Convention. The doctrines of Diderot, Rousseau and Voltaire, which had prepared the way for The Terror, were not held in high esteem among the clergy, nobility and bankers.

Dr. Grant is almost perfervid in his demand for social justice. He regards it as the basis of international peace. He insists that after monarchical government is abolished there will still remain within political democracy the problems and dangers of capitalistic control. Incidentally he hurls shafts of wrath at universities denying platforms to radical speakers, and then adds, not wholly erroneously, that "workingmen are vastly cleverer than the average college graduate in the marshalling of facts, in power of statement, and in vivid speech."

The Open Forum with branches in many big cities, is the refuge for those barred from free speech at the universities. Dr. Grant founded the first Open Forum of the Church of the Ascension in 1909, and now it is almost a nation-wide institution for free discussion. In his chapter on unjust laws, Dr. Grant is very bitter in his denunciation of confusing, discriminatory and reactionary statutes and court rulings. He cites a number of cases in corroboration of his words. Instances: in 1893, Circuit Judge W. H. Taft declared quitting work a criminal offense; in 1908, the federal supreme court condemned arbitration as unconstitutional; the Oregon supreme court decided that a man could legally be jailed for one month without trial, and the Massachusetts supreme court held that there is no remedy for labor except personal suit. In recent years, many court opinions have reflected progressive, liberal ideas. They have displayed appreciation of the dictum that the letter kills, while the spirit gives life. But there have been decisions, also, since April, 1917, which one cannot think of without feelings of horror and sadness. Dr. Grant believes that popularizing the study of law would do something towards correcting legal abuses. "Two prominent socialists of my acquaintance," he remarks, "were greatly surprised 'to be shown' by a lawyer friend of mine how many of the things their party demanded could be attained under existing laws." How many of the things? Shouldn't it read, "How few of the things?" The idea of popularizing the study of law is of venerable age. About one hundred and seventy years ago, Sir William Blackstone set it forth at some length in his introduction to his "Commentaries on the Laws of England." A deeply significant remark of Dr. Grant is that the dissenting opinions in the five to four decisions have educated the American citizen. They make clear that law is not justice. The earnestness of Dr. Grant makes him a hot gospeler. He is not prone to qualifications, is utterly fearless of superlatives. Very unjudicial, of course, but mighty interesting always. Dr. Grant points out the weakness of trades unionism, as a sort of aristocracy, and makes a case for the I. W. W. as taking care of some millions of workers for which the Federation of Labor has no care.

Evidently Dr. Grant has dipped frequently into "Progress and Poverty," for he is keenly aware of the evils of land monopoly and tenement life. "As values mount up," he says, "the buildings grow larger. The tenement-houses grow smaller, and children are crowded into the street. That medieval death by torture—the room which came together and narrowed itself in every dimension upon its victim—is a reality today in New York. The mechanical pressure is rent. In the city of New York, approximately 2,866,000 people—that is to say, about 650,000 or 657,000 families—are living in apartments for which they pay under \$25 a month rent. This rental means one-fourth of an income of \$1,200 a year. But a rent much below \$25 in a congested part of the city will not secure bathrooms and rooms for families with several members." Privilege cannot afford to furnish such conveniences. It's out for all the traffic will bear. The results are de-

generacy, crime, poverty and discontent among the helpless masses. But the truth is marching on. "Fair Play for the Workers" is a frank, fearless comprehensive book, slightly scrappy as to make-up, but comprehensive, almost encyclopedic in scope and never for one page dull. It sparkles, as when it says, "a great deal of what we call socialism is only democracy getting its second wind." And the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy. The workers want, what? Industrial self-government.

♦♦♦♦

Two Poets

By Orrick Johns

CONRAD AIKEN*

GOODLY interest attaches to a new book put out by Conrad Aiken. He is, indeed, in a fair way to become a literary issue, for already he has those followers who understand all that he is intending, and those who, while they admire, yet remain in the background, timidly waiting to be shown. The frequency of his contributions, and their serious quality give him a notable place among contemporary poets and call for attempts to examine as carefully as possible both the theory of symphonic form put forth by Mr. Aiken's critics and supported somewhat by his own utterances, and also the theory of the dream-content of his longer pieces.

Mr. Aiken can write a form of verse that appeals to one as actually music, however cloyingly insistent may be the internal beat of it. He can also write such fine passages as the following, which does not have to be recommended to anyone as poetry:

*And now the great Earth, having a long while rested,
And having all her winter in silence lain,
Forgetting the summer of leaves that she has dis-
vested*

*And the roses she put away from her without pain,—
Opened her sleepy eyes to the sun again,
And turned to the stealing light, and forgot past
death,
Drawing an ever-deepening tranquil breath;*

*And listened, amused, to the voices in her shadow,
The million little voices that babbled as one . . .
Under this great and ever-enduring meadow
She heard great fires, she heard low waters run,
And a confused vast murmur about the sun,
And then, with her somnolent white lovely hands,
She lifted up from the loam, and the watery sands,*

*Irises gleaming, and roses conceived anew,
And the pale little leaves that gave her tender mirth,
And fledgling birds that now for the first time flew;
(O infinitely varied and pathetic birth);
And an innocent laughter these things were for
Earth,*

*These shining petals, these songs, these vain brave
wings,
Brave souls so sure of a triumph against all things.*

But passages of conventional, understandable beauty such as this are so rare in Mr. Aiken's work as to be not characteristic of it. More undeniably Aiken in style—and Mr. Aiken's style is one of the most personal we know—is the following:

*And at times it seemed,
Walking with her of whom he subtly dreamed,
That her young body was tinged with wavering
flame,
Hover of fire,
And that she went and came,
Impalpable fiery blossom of desire,
Into his heart and out of his heart again
With every breath; and every breath was pain.*

That passage has a certain beauty, and it is typical. The reader who has never read any of

Mr. Aiken's longer poems may imagine himself, should he contemplate doing so, reading many pages of just such quality of vague metaphor, and mellifluous, indeterminate metric as that contains. The passage is too short to give the full effect, but it is a sufficient example from which to deduce certain implications of the whole of Aiken's method.

Note then in the above, and to some extent also in the passage first quoted, the *undistinguished* phrasing. I do not mean by this term a phrasing that is without fineness or subtlety, but a phrasing that is largely without *distinction* of color or sound, of ethical sense, of realistic effect, a phrasing that is devoid of the sharp contrasts of life itself, and in which an unvarying acidulous alidity of passion, portrayed but not felt, takes the place of warmth, of quick, visualized movement, of sharp consonantal interest—a phrasing in which the sleep-inducing languor of vowelization is as ever present as the monotonous heaving of a dead sea. In this, then, you have the typical movement of Conrad Aiken's longer poems, a movement which, unlike the symphonic form in music, is not broken by the introduction of any new *life-motive*, however the word-theme or the meter may be varied. Mr. Aiken's poems do not impress me as the rounded thing a symphony is, with its contrasting movements, but rather as segregated parts of the same movement which has not yet been completed.

The nature of the poetry itself, however, is, as has been claimed, that of dream-composition, possessing the interest or lack of interest attaching to composition which is as fluent and amorphous as slow-moving bodies of water,—which is as thought and emotion sensuously catching at aimless drifts of experience.

To the lover of poetry this composition partly exercises a desired effect because of its beauty of a sort, and because it has a power of aesthesiastic hypnosis that is almost uncanny. It is repellent material clothed in viscous melody, giving the effect at times as of human beings *experiencing* somehow in the green depths of the sea, a glaucous purgatory of piscine rhythms and almost vegetable inertia, so rich in atmospheric exhalations as to perform phosphorescent effects upon the brain-image of the reader.

As such it is not life, but dream, and death-in-dream, which Mr. Aiken re-creates. It is a *Samahdi* of the intellect and will, of the spirit and the flesh.

In his briefer pieces Mr. Aiken achieves firmness and brighter form; but the great success of "Turns and Movies" which were unforgettable for their clear etching and bold originality of characterization, seems not to have lured him back to waking objects and entities as a subject.

Is it not possible that Mr. Aiken, in his symphonic-dream series, is rewriting himself with wasteful repetition, and perhaps doing so deliberately? The design has not changed, the denouement is no clearer than before. *Senlin*, *Forslin*, and the figures in "A Nocturne of Remembered Spring" and "The Charnel Rose," are all of a piece with the youth in "Earth Triumphant." They continue

"To shape this chaos of leaderless ghostly passions—"

without especial success. It is certainly a poetry as far removed from most of the definite, wide-awake aims of present-day poets as can be imagined. The dagoba which Mr. Aiken is erecting to the Unconscious of Freud and Jung stands almost alone. This will be taken as a measure of his courage provided he succeeds better than he has so far in satisfying something other than the aesthesia of the Unconscious in his readers which only too readily corresponds to that quality in his subjects. Would not this problem resolve itself into the mere process of formulating and illuminating his body of material? The admiring critic, however sympathetic,

can only meantime see in the work an intention, not a finished thing.

♦

MAXWELL BODENHEIM†

Maxwell Bodenheimer has published a book. It is slender. It is not very artistically brought out. The matter is fragile, but volatile. "Minna and Myself" is the title. It is published by the Pagan Publishing Co., New York.

The immense respect paid by moderns to volume, as *volume*, is one of the difficult misunderstandings which oppose the critic's desire to weigh and ponder *quality*. But volume itself can have not the remotest connection with either distinction or beauty; nor is it a characteristic of much work that the world has not willingly let die. The slenderness of Keats' knapsack—it is one of his claims to immortality. One thinks instantly of A. E. Housman's forty little Shropshire lyrics. The sayings of Jesus are compassed in a few thousand words. Abraham Lincoln lives in literature for a half dozen paragraphs. Ernest Dowson is unforgettable for one poem—yet seekers after the unflawed jewel of verse will one day properly rebuke Arthur Symonds, who has too insistently identified this exquisite poet with a single mood. Dowson never wrote an unbeautiful line. He never put into print a stanza of less than thrilling perfection. He will be cherished for the whole of his work, which was incomparably greater and truer than the strictly poetic achievement of his overshadowing contemporary, Wilde.

Maxwell Bodenheimer's verse has the authentic power of rarity, the rarity of priceless old lace or of treasured wine. He is too fanatically enamoured of the subtle essences of words to use any of them vainly. I confess his images do not always reach me as reasoned utterances—images such as "the sleep-rhythmed breasts of winds," or

"Your body is a closed fan

Holding long brush-strokes of glowing repose."

But these bits of intensely original word-weaving appeal not only to my profound respect, but also to my desire for possession. I should see them pass out of memory regretfully, as I should watch a wisp of beautifully ineffectual cloud disappear in the commonplace dramaturgy of night.

Other of Bodenheimer's impressions are more communicable. Almost self-portraiture is the cypri-morphously vagabond

"My heart is a slovenly russet peasant-girl
Flirting with staidly immaculate swains."

Frail as is his versatile fret-work, he sometimes seems to me the most sharply unmistakably individual of American imagists. He is, in his person as his verse reflects it, almost a legend come to life—the actual Pierrot, balancing on a cobweb stretched between the horns of the moon.

We are gradually working out of the obsession that solemn responsibility and legal lucidity are most desirable in the poet, or that realism is any necessary part of his baggage. The first injunction to the Chinese artist was, "express the spirit through the rhythm of things." Pierre Louys has almost borrowed the same phraseology in "*suivre le rythme qui palpite avec le coeur de l'idée*." Even Aristotle attainted realism as vulgar. Stuart Merrill said that the artist should be the master of life and not its slave, as were the realists. Bodenheimer is never the realist, and he is the master of life, not in any disdain for life, but in the superb nonchalance with which he mixes his smoky palette from its colors. For the increasing body of readers who believe the *monochromos hedone* a true objective of poetry, his verse will have a value needing no enhancement by development or growth. They will not desire that he change, nor that he become more productive with the years. They will rather honor and welcome the suave austerity of his poetic character.

†"Minna and Myself" by Maxwell Bodenheimer. The Pagan Publishing Co., New York.

*The Charnel Rose, by Conrad Aiken, Four Seas Co., Boston.

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Letters From the People

A St. Louis Hospital for Soldiers

St. Louis, Dec. 5th, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In your last issue you refer to the fact that St. Louis has no hospital at the disposal of the government in which to take care of the soldiers from St. Louis and its immediate territory, so that when invalided soldiers are sent to the hospitals nearest their home St. Louis boys and those from the city's tributary region are sent to a hospital at Des Moines. I heard since that the old, abandoned Southern hotel was to be used for a government hospital. I met a St. Louis "city father" the other day and asked him why the hotel was not used. He said that Col. Hornsby, of the army medical department, had looked it over and decided against it—for one reason, that the surroundings were depressing.

I wonder. Are the surroundings of the Southern hotel in St. Louis more depressing than those of the Greenhut store, at Eighteenth and Sixth avenue, in New York city? If they are, couldn't they be fixed up a bit at very small expense? Wouldn't the establishment of a hospital there cause the neighborhood

to "chirk up" a bit? It would bring more people into the neighborhood to see the patients. And when will the city infirmary be ready to turn over to the government, and where will the large population of the city infirmary be distributed?

D. A. NOYLE.

Is Socialism Irish?

St. Louis, Jan. 3rd, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In commenting upon the declaration of the New York Times that "more than half a century ago socialism was invented in Germany," the New Republic asks if Karl Marx "did not take the cue to the materialistic interpretation of history from the Englishman, Harrington, and the theory of surplus wealth from the French socialists who go back considerably more than half a century"—thrusting the living soul of British and French socialism behind the bars of the Hegelian system and thus imparting to it something of the psychology of the political prison, infecting and imparting to the open and humanitarian spirit that characterized the socialism of Owen and Fourier, Louis Blanc and Proudhon hatred, suspicion, intrigue. The New Republic says that if present-day social-

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ism bears one national character more than another, that character is French.

It may be doubted that socialism as we know it is French. It has, generally speaking, a German flavor. This is a matter of common knowledge and observation. But why rob the Irish? Has the New Republic ever heard of William Thompson as the man who gave Marx his inspiration? Surely Francis Hackett, author of that excellent book "Ireland" (Huebsch), and one of the New Republic editors, must know about him. I would refer them to "The Right to the Whole Province of Labor," by Anton Menger (Macmillan, 1899), in which at page 51 Thompson is referred to as "the most eminent founder of scientific socialism." In several other places Marx' indebtedness to Thompson is pointed out by Menger.

For biographical information as to Thompson, see editor's preface to William Pare's second edition of Thompson's "Inquiry into the Principles of

Distribution of Wealth" (Ward and Locke, London, 1850); John Minter Morgan's "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century," Vol. 2, pages 294, 295, and Holyoake's "History of Co-operation in England," Vol. 1, page 109. According to Menger, Pare's editions omit many of the most important passages of the original edition, 1822. H. S. Foxall, introduction to Menger's book, page 47, states that Thompson's "influence on Mill is conspicuous, in more directions than one." In a note to this statement it is said that "Thompson, and the English socialists generally, were all champions of the rights of women, and the equal freedom of the sexes," and that "a curious parallel might be drawn between the influence on Thompson of the beautiful and injured Mrs. Wheeler, to whom he dedicated his 'Appeal,' and the better known relations between Mrs. Taylor and John Stuart Mill." Thompson died in 1833. He was a south of Ireland Protestant and a landlord. He

willed his property for some scientific purpose, but the court found the purpose illegal and his relatives got the estate.
F. R. K.

The Indemnity

Fort Worth, Tex., Jan. 4th, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I have recently read in the MIRROR and other journals articles saying it would be poor business either to crush industrial Germany or to so tie up her trade by means of the boycott or other restrictions that she could never pay the billions the Allies have or will charge up to her account.

A good lawyer never advises his client to go into court to secure a judgment if he is sure to be beaten on the execution. It reminds me: Soon after Virginia seceded in '61, Gens. Scott and Toombs were out together to a luncheon in Washington. After three days of prayerful and swearful consideration, Lee had decided to obey the call of Virginia, his mother state. Gen. Scott was also a Virginian and Toombs, naturally, wanted him to follow Lee's example.

"Of course you are going to resign your commission and follow your state out of the Union," said Toombs.

"No, sir," haughtily replied the old general, "I shall stay with the old flag."

An acidulous "Oh!" from Toombs.

A brief silence. Then: "What is your present salary, General?"

"Seventeen thousand dollars, sir."

Another acidulous "Oh!" from Toombs.

Another brief silence. Then: "General, I recall an incident on the Mississippi river that seems to fit your case. The boilers of a racing 'floating palace' had blown up, the passengers and crew were struggling in the water. A rescue party from the shore with a leaky boat were doing all that could be done to save the drowning, when a woman appeared who rushed up and down the bank crying frantically, 'Save that red-headed man! O! save that red-headed man.'

The red-headed man was saved and a dripping boatman led him to the woman, who suddenly became quite indifferent.

"Why did you want this red-headed man saved?" asked the astonished boatman.

"Why! Because he owes me ten thousand dollars."

Put the Rhine for the Mississippi, the Allies for the woman, the blond beast for the red-headed man: won't that do for one of the final 1918 smiles?

E. McKee.

The Hell-Bound Train

Springfield, Ill., January 3, 1919.

My dear Mr. Reedy:

Congratulations on "Stackerlee." It is the most revivifying thing I have read for months.

It makes me think of "The Hell-Bound Train," author unknown, which I enclose. I have improved the minds of many cultured Springfield people with it, and I hope it may go further.

It was given me by an itinerant street-preacher, who has left for parts unknown.

I will say for this poem, that it has

STIX, BAER & FULLER

GRAND-LEADER

The January Sales of White

The event that offers wonderful opportunities in securing white goods of all kinds at far below ordinary prices. The scarcity of cottons and linens, which is a well-known fact, made it more difficult to secure the merchandise. But the fact that we did secure immense quantities to offer at special values is merely another proof of the excellence of our service.



Lingerie—Hundreds and hundreds of lace and embroidery trimmed undermuslins cover the tables and cases in the Lingerie Section. There are almost as many pink pieces as there are white. Silk Lingerie of delicate fineness shows trimmings of lace and ribbons. French hand-embroidered lingerie, exquisite sample pieces, are priced one-third and one-half less. Handmade undermuslins from the Philippines are beautifully embroidered and are remarkably reasonable in price.



Blouses—Demure little tailored Blouses as low as \$1.98, handmade Blouses for \$5, on up to the finest of fine Blouses for \$32.50, are the subject of the White Sale in Blouses. Those are only three of the prices—there are many others in between. The wonderful showing of new styles—the varieties of materials and trimmings, and particularly the very special prices—these are reasons for buying Blouses now.



Corsets—To all women who will soon be buying new spring outfits we make this suggestion, that they purchase their new Corset now and have it to wear under their new clothes. Because now Corsets, high-grade models, are priced at savings that are remarkable—many are impossible to duplicate. La Vida Corsets at \$4.45; well-known makes at \$3.25; many sample Corsets at \$2.25—these are some of the special offerings.



White Goods—Thousands of yards of white goods—nainsook, long-cloth, organdie, batiste and other white materials by the yards are marked at special prices, inviting White Sale Shoppers to make purchases of all the white goods they need for summer undermuslins, frocks and blouses—now while prices are special.



Bedding—Making the household allowance stretch to the farthest proportions means watching for sales that offer real value giving. That is why the White Sale is looked forward to and why the special prices on Sheets, Pillow Cases and Spreads are quickly taken advantage of.



Linens—Investing money in the White Sale of Linens is the wisest way of spending the money set aside for household furnishings. The sale prices on Table Linens of every description offer to housewives the opportunity of having plenty of pieces for the table, at a minimum expenditure—that is why it is such a wise investment.

Curtains—Think of all the Curtains in all the windows of all the houses in St. Louis! Think how many windows will need fresh, new curtains! Then you will see why we have gathered great assortments of white and ecru Curtains of all kinds and placed them in this White Sale and marked them at special prices. This is a splendid time to buy curtains and have them ready to put up in the spring.



Advance Spring Attire for St. Louis
Social Events and

Frocks for Winter Resorts

With the thermometer hovering near zero, Society naturally plans a trip to California or Florida with its flowers and glistening orange groves. New apparel for the occasion is of course the first thought—and this is to tell you that our Costume Salon has many beautiful new things to show you and new arrivals are coming in almost daily on which the imprint of Paris and New York is very evident. Chic Frocks for travel, street or morning wear are exquisitely designed of tricot, pussy willow foulard and crepe de chine; and the georgette shirt waist dresses are sure to win favor because of "smart simplicity." Afternoon gowns of exquisite flowered crepe chiffon, beaded georgette, satin crepes and tricolettes are charming, while the dance and dinner frocks will suitably grace any formal social occasion.

The hints of early Spring style tendencies shown in these advance models will interest all St. Louis women, whether going South or not. We shall be glad to have you inspect them.

Third Floor

New Millinery For Southern Tourists

New York's leading Modistes have sent us some charming new Millinery modes which will be displayed for the first time tomorrow. A forecast of the coming Spring styles is seen in the straw and fabric combinations representing the correct vogue for street, dress and sport wear. Specially good values at \$8.50 to \$30.

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exactly the clickety-click one hears at midnight on the Pullman when the car-wheels hit the rails. The rhythm is incessant, overwhelming, predestinated and inevitable. It could be played on a threshing machine.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

Tom Gray lay down on the bar room floor,
Having drank so much he could drink no more.
So he fell asleep with a troubled brain,
And dreamed that he rode on the hell-bound train.

The engine with blood was red and damp,
And brilliantly lit with a brimstone lamp;
For fuel an imp was shoveling bones,
While the furnace rang with a thousand groans.

The boiler was filled with lager beer,
And the devil himself was the engineer,
The passengers made such a motley crew—
Church members, atheist, Gentile and Jew.

Rich men in broadcloth, and beggars in rags;
Handsome young ladies and withered old hags;
Yellow and black men, red, brown and white,
All chained together! What a terrible sight!

The train dashed on at a terrible pace,
And a hot wind scorched the hands and face;
Wilder and wilder the country grew,
And faster and faster the engine flew.

Louder and louder the thunders crashed,
And brighter and brighter the lightning flashed;
Hotter and hotter the air became,
Till the clothes were burned from each quivering frame.

Now in the distance arose such a yell:
Ha! Ha! croaked the devil, we are now nearing hell!
Then—oh, how the passengers shrieked in their pain,
And begged for the devil to stop the train.

And he capered about and sang in his glee,
And laughed and joked at their agony.
My faithful friends, you have done my work,
And the devil can never a pay-day shirk.

You have bullied the weak and robbed the poor,
And the starving brother turned from your door;
You have laid up gold where the canker rusts
And given free vent to your fleshly lusts.

You have justice scorned and corruption sown,
And trampled the laws of nature down;
You have drank and rioted, murdered and lied,
And mocked at God in your hell-born pride.

You have paid full fare, so I'll carry you through,
For it's only just you should get your due.
Why, the laborer always expects his hire,
So I'll land you safe in the lake of fire

Where your flesh shall roast in the flames that roar,
And my imps torment you forevermore.
Then Tom awoke with an agonized cry,
His clothes soaked with sweat and his hair standing high.

And he prayed as he never prayed before,
To be saved from drink and the devil's power,
And his vows and prayers were not in vain,
For he nevermore rode on a hell-bound train.

♦♦♦

A Book of Insignia

Quite the most interesting feature of civil life now is the soldier returned from overseas. Singly or in groups he throngs our streets each day, walking briskly, erectly, in natty uniform, his happy face expressive of his joy in being back, his alert eyes attesting his keen interest in old environment become new. Whatever else military training has done for our boys it has seemingly ingrained into their nature the habit of personal neatness, as witness the impeccable perfection even to the last button (or pin) of the erstwhile sloven. Pride of uniform and the desire to wear it creditably—or perhaps lend it luster—is but natural, since its decoration is indicative of the branch of service, individual rank, length and in some instances time of service, experiences, etc., of the wearer. To the initiate all this is as instantly apparent as the real or artificial bloom of one woman's complexion to another. All of us have become familiar with the signification of the single and double bar, the star and the oakleaf on the officers' shoulderstrap, but when it comes to the matter of the colored hatcord, the caduceus, the castle, the most of us become a bit uncertain.

There is a wide field for some such educative pamphlet as the Canadians have in "Their Glory Cannot Fade." This is a beautifully gotten up sixteen-page booklet issued by the Canadian Pacific railroad "as a simple tribute to the soldiers who went overseas." It recites briefly how, when the war commenced, Canada had a permanent force of only three thousand men and an active militia of sixty thousand; but when hostilities ceased Canada had sent overseas more than four hundred thousand men, forty-three of whom had won the much coveted Victoria Cross. Descending to lesser honors—the least of which means great bravery and much glory—491 had been awarded the distinguished service order, 1657 the military cross, 6500 the military medal and 1,000 the distinguished conduct medal. The list of fierce battles given in which these Canadians participated to their particular fame includes Ypres, the two battles of the Somme, the unforgettable

Vimy Ridge, Lens, Hill 70, Amiens, Arras, Cambrai, Mons and many others scarcely less notable. The order of battle and the units, with their commands, in existence during the last phase of the war are concisely set forth.

All of which information of course makes a very interesting souvenir, but the feature for which the booklet will be treasured, and used, is the colored plates showing the cap, collar, shoulder, cuff insignia of department, rank, service, so plainly reproduced as to be instantly recognizable and so grouped as to be easily memorized. The British war medals are given with a note calling attention to the salient points which which differentiate one from another. A Canadian soldier wearing three chevrons and crown on his sleeve proclaims his rank as flight sergeant. A red chevron on the right cuff indicates that he was in overseas service prior to December 31, 1914, and a blue one is added for each successive year. If he wears a small gold bar on his left cuff the beholder is informed he was wounded in service, while a comparatively broad blue band testifies to a hospital case. If he wears the red chevron above referred to one may look for the Mons star on his breast. The Mons star—a bronze medal showing crossed swords intersecting a wreath of oak leaves (or is it laurel?) topped by a crown, the whole suspended from a red, white and blue ribbon — was awarded to all soldiers who were in the first phase of the war under Field Marshall Sir John French up to November 30, 1914. And then one may reasonably expect to find the distinguished conduct medal, the military medal, or maybe the distinguished service cross, for those were trying days for the Canadians and those who survived won distinction.

A booklet of this sort opens an almost limitless field for friendly speculation and conjecture about the passing stranger in khaki and instills in the heart of the most democratic a genuine respect for "gold braid and tinsel." There is need for a booklet that will give us similar information about the insignia of the men in the service of the United States.

Coming Shows

Making her first appearance in this city in several years, Ethel Barrymore will be seen at the American next week in R. C. Carton's delightful comedy, "The Off Chance." When the Frohman company were arranging Miss Barrymore's present tour it was agreed that of the entire repertoire which she played in New York last year this comedy would be the one which would most please most admirers, because the role of *Lady Cardonnell* is one of generous scope, giving abundant opportunity for the display of the exquisite Barrymore sense of humor and flashing comedy, of the Barrymore ability to portray appealing emotion and tenderness. As *Lady Cardonnell*, Barrymore is a beneficent mother-in-law, incognito, herself a divorcee happily remarried, who saves from shipwreck her daughter's married life. The supporting company includes Eva Le Gallienne, Edward Emery, Mary Balfour, Albert Gran and F. C. Butler.

Another R. C. Carton comedy, "Lord and Lady Algy," with William Faversham and Maxine Elliott in the title roles, will be seen at the Shubert-Jefferson. This is the part

in which Faversham scored his great success in the days of the Empire theatre company. The story of "Lord and Lady Algy" tells of the estrangement of the *Algies*, who are really devoted to each other but whose differences of opinion on such vital subjects as the comparative value of cigarette brands and certain racing horses drive them apart. They are about to become reconciled when a flirtation of *Algy's* brother gets in the way. *Algy*, whose part is merely to help his brother, is made the scapegoat, which arouses *Lady Algy's* resentment and leads to a happy denouement for all.

Next week is certainly a banner week in St. Louis theatricals. A fourth national favorite, Eva Tanguay, will head the bill at the Orpheum, with her usual bizarre originality of song and costume. The programme also includes Albertina Rasch, danseuse; Lester Crawford and Helen Broderick with "A Little of This and That," being various artistic endeavors pleasingly blended; the Creole Fashion Plate, delineator of songs and fashions, with Bobbie Simonds at the piano; George M. Fisher and John K. Hawley in "Business is Business," and all the news from "over there."

Hickey Brothers, singers, dancers and acrobats, in "Varieties in Vaudeville," will be the principal feature of the Grand Opera House bill next week. "Done in Oil," a fine comedy playlet with a title which will affect nearly everyone, will be presented by the Cliff Dean Players. Other attractions will be Lalotte, the roller skating bear; Miller and Lyle, black-face comedians; Nadel and Follette in vaudeville a la carte; Archie Nicholson duo in a musical offering; Azalia and Dolores, two girls in a novelty act; Doherty and Scalia, song and dance; Rouble Sims, comedian and cartoonist; the Official War Review, the Animated Weekly, Mutt and Jeff cartoons and Sunshine comedies.

The star attraction on the Columbia bill next week will be a tense playlet called "No Man's Land," which deals with life in the trenches. Clarence Wilbur, late star of "Funny Folks," will appear in a singing and dancing act; "The Two Original Boston Beans" is what Plunkett and Romaine call their turn. Other numbers will be Gray and Graham, singing; and the Shattucks, jugglers. The feature picture will be Geraldine Farrar in "The Hell Cat."

The Allies' War-Trophy Exhibition

In the United States and Allies' war exposition to be held in the Coliseum next week may be seen the two most valued war trophies in this country. The first is the airplane used by Guynemer when he shot down his eighty-second plane, and the other is a collection of twelve pieces from the shells fired upon Paris by the mysterious gun which the Germans had hidden seventy-six miles away. There are also a number of German airplanes captured by the French, and a famous French tank. Indeed, France has sent a larger exhibit than any other nation, although the British government has the largest collection of German war instruments, including a machine gun mounted on a Zeppelin, a 180 m.m. trench howitzer, aiming post, incendiary bomb, barbed-wire cutters and the granatenwerfers. The American exhibit is chiefly composed of similar articles, all captured from the Germans. The Belgian exhibit is distinguished for its art collection, there being three portraits of the royal family of Belgium, pictures of the Belgian army fighting in Austria in 1915, 1916 and 1917, facsimiles of the deportation proclamation and famous scraps of paper, and many artistic pictures. Twenty originals of Raemakers' cartoons are also on exhibit.

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Marts and Money

Wall street quotations are moving in confusing, indecisive fashion, with more or less material ups and downs every two or three days. They are still above the most recent low levels, however,—at least in all representative quarters. The latest noteworthy upturns were the consequence, largely, of repurchasing for the account of capitalistic parties who had been heavy sellers in the final week of 1918 with a view to limiting their liabilities to the federal treasury. They were led by such seasoned, trustworthy investment issues as Mexican Petroleum, Pan-American, Texas Oil, Sinclair Oil, Texas & Pacific Railroad, Baldwin Locomotive and Distilling Securities. The pools were working overtime, but hardly as successful as they had expected to be in the first few days of 1919. Simultaneously, there was a "buoyant" market for well-tipped, pliant oil shares on the reckless, windy curb, where they are in the habit of trying out all the new-fangled propositions submitted from every part of the country. The nomenclature of this sort of commodities is both alluring and bewildering. There's something new, something different, almost every day. It was, perhaps, a mere coincidence that the sudden great ado about oil shares brought forth various interesting news items *à la mode*, even in prominent papers outside of New York. They contained predictions of an unparalleled oil boom, with special, emphatic references to gushers and prospects in Texas and the Tampico region. It was pointed out, with artful *bonhomie*, that stock exchange folks felt very much surprised over the recent twenty-point advance in the stock of the Texas & Pacific Railroad Co., though the real cause, so we are assured, could probably be found in the enormous potential value of petroleum lands owned by the company in the lately discovered districts in northern Texas. This promptly led to the discovery that the Missouri Pacific holds a nice block of T. & P. stock unpledged in its treasury, plus \$23,703,000 of the company's second mortgage bonds. The current quotation of T. & P. stock (34) represents the highest record in nearly ten years. The absolute maximum of 54¾ was set in 1902. The company has been in receivers' hands since October, 1916. Since 1917 earnings resulted in a \$1,670,661 net surplus, after materially increased charges, taxes, and betterment appropriations, one feels somewhat mystified as to the real objects of the receivership, which, it is rumored, will be terminated some time this year. Apparently, it involves what might be termed a technical readjustment, which may bring some very substantial pecuniary advantages to covetous interests. There's millions in a shrewdly arranged receivership. Paraphrasing *Sancho Panza*, Wall street plungers devoutly say, under their breath, "blessed be the man who invented receiverships of strategic properties." Texas & Pacific first mortgage 5s are quoted at 90½, while Liberty 4½s may be bought at a little over 95. It's plain enough that the property's present predicament is not regarded with uneasiness in regnant fi-

nancial circles. Sinclair Oil was rated at 25¾ on April 11 last. The present price is 35. About two years ago, the stock, which is without par value, was a popular purchase at 67. Holders received \$1.25 quarterly from August, 1916, to February, 1918—nothing since. Hints that payments may be resumed in the near future should be treated with caution, for stockholders have since July 1, 1917, authorized an increase in capital to one million five hundred thousand shares, and an issue of \$20,000,000 7 per cent convertible notes, due August, 1920. Naturally, there's talk, also, that the Mexican Petroleum and Texas Oil Companies have been eager and heavy buyers of Sinclair during the period of depression in the quotation. While this story seems suspiciously timely, it cannot be thought altogether preposterous. The Sinclair, a holding concern, controls some highly valuable properties, including some sixteen hundred miles of trunk and gathering lines and seven refineries. According to the press agents of the stock exchange, "we have entered the oil age," and the demand for the juice will grow tremendously from now on. Probably it will. But if the price is raised too much, consumers will be compelled to have recourse to substitutes. It is already reported from Washington that the new dreadnaughts are to be driven by electric power. One should always bear in mind, when cogitating on these matters, that there's an automatic stop both to advances and declines in prices. In response to compulsory suggestions from Treasurer Carter Glass, the monetary pool has re-introduced its restrictive rules respecting stock exchange loans. The immediate consequence was another moderate hardening in quoted charges, and a renewal of selling upon an enlarged scale. However, some comfort was derived from the announcement that the Anaconda Copper Company's issue of \$25,000,000 6 per cent notes had been disposed of in a few hours at a price denoting a net yield of 6¼ per cent to the purchasers. Satisfaction was voiced, also, over the report that the Norfolk & Western had sold \$10,000,000 6 per cent bonds on a 6 per cent basis. Furthermore, Wall street felt highly pleased over the successful flotation of new securities by the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. The opinion was voiced that the avid quest for the new issues indicated substantial improvement in the general investment situation. Perhaps so. Yet let's not forget that the obligations of first-class corporations always appeal strongly to thrifty investors, even in times of straitened finances, and especially so when they can be obtained at prices netting 6 to 6½ per cent. Not so very long ago, the Anaconda, Norfolk & Western, and American T. & T. Companies could easily borrow at 4 to 4½ per cent. The New York Central has renewed a loan at 6 per cent. Manifestly, the readjustment process in investment markets is in full swing. With regard to industrial affairs, there's now a growing disposition to believe that though the period of slackening and revision of prices may be severely felt in some important lines, there will be no real disastrous development process in investment markets is

upheavals on the stock exchange. The discounting process has already made considerable headway, we are told. Cancellation of war contracts are not viewed with feelings of consternation among industrial potentates. As for incidental bearings on Wall street's market,—it should be remembered that weak holdings have been virtually eliminated, and prices reduced to levels fairly in accord with the changed order of things in the nation's economic life. Lately published symposia of opinionation on the part of financiers, manufacturers, and railroad magnates were, in the main, distinctly encouraging. There was a good deal of hedging and vague theorizing, however. President W. H. Truesdale, of the opulent Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Co., for example, thought that "prices are on a very high basis," and that "a great increase in activities cannot be looked for during the coming year," but that "the outlook for the ultimate future of the United States was never more hopeful or certain than it is today." And he then added that "just how soon these prospects may be fully realized is, in my opinion, difficult to forecast." This is very diplomatic language. James Speyer, the New York banker, displayed striking interest in the definitions of the terms "capital" and "labor," but reasoned circumspectly otherwise. The death of Theodore Roosevelt has no visible effect market-wise. We shall not look upon his like again.

Finance in St. Louis.

Hydraulic-Press Brick common and preferred still are the principal features of interest on the local stock exchange. Their quotations are a little lower, however, than they were a week ago, being 4.50 and 28 at this moment, against 5 and 30, respectively. Of the preferred, one hundred and seventy shares were lately transferred; of the common, over six hundred. National Candy common is selling at 59 to 59.50. About eighty shares changed ownership in the past few days. Five shares of Rice-Stix D. G. second preferred brought 97, which compares with a high mark of 104 in 1918. The dividend rate is \$7 per annum. Eighty-five Fulton Iron Works common were sold at 41 to 41.50. Last year's top was 50¼; the bottom, 39. Ten shares of the preferred brought 102.50. It draws \$8 per annum. There's \$1,000,000 outstanding, of the par value of \$100. The forty thousand shares of common have no par value. United Railways 4s are selling at 50; \$7,000 were sold at this figure. Of St. Louis & Suburban general 5s, \$1,000 brought 54. They were selling at 75.50 last October. There was a transfer of ten shares of Boatmen's Bank at 106. This seems a creditable figure, the dividend rate being 5 per cent. Eighty shares of Bank of Commerce were marketed at 116. St. Louis rolled up a mighty volume of business in 1918. The sum total of bank clearings was \$871,351,605, or 12 per cent in excess of the 1917 record. This appears all the more remarkable because war contracts did not play a very prominent part in local industrial life during 1918.

Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	106½	117
Na. Bank of Commerce.....	116½	117
Third Nat. Bank.....	241	275
Mississippi Valley Trust.....	267½	275
United Railways com.....	3½	4
do pfd.....	13½	14
do 4s.....	49½	50
K. C. Home Tel. 5s (\$500).....	88¼	89
do 5s (\$100).....	89	90
Certain-teed com.....	37	37
do 1st pfd.....	87	87
Mo. Portland Cement.....	75	76
Ely & Walker com.....	98	100¼
Brown Shoe com.....	66	66
Hydraulic P. Brick com.....	4¼	4½
Cities Service com.....	296	296
do pfd.....	80¾	80¾
Hamilton-Brown.....	127½	127½
Nat. Candy com.....	58½	59¾
do 1st pfd.....	106	106
do 2d pfd.....	95	95

Answers to Inquiries.

W. W. McD., Sutton, Nebr.—Tennessee Copper is not a particularly inviting speculation in prevailing circumstances. It should be bought only by people who have uncommon patience and faith in the old adage that every dog has his day. The present price of 14 seems a fair valuation, though it is three points above the 1917 minimum. The highest since the 1916 reorganization has been 21. Holders received \$1 last May. Stock has no par value. There are three hundred and ninety thousand shares outstanding. It should be easy for you to select a better stock for a long-range speculation.

CUSTOMER, St. Louis.—(1) Cannot recommend a purchase of Ohio City Gas, despite comparative lowness of current price of 44. Stock exchange record not very encouraging—marred by unscrupulous manipulation. Stock was up to 143¾ in 1917. It's possible, of course, that the quotation may be moved up twenty or thirty points by and by. (2) Miami Copper is rated at 24. This figure indicates that the \$1 quarterly is not considered altogether safe. In pre-war times the stock paid 50 cents quarterly.

PUZZLED, St. Louis.—Maxwell Motor common is quoted at 28. I feel that you will get a materially better price by sticking to your certificate some months longer. Since January 1, 1916, the lowest has been 19½. About two months ago, sales were made at 42½. Company earned \$4.82 on its common stock during the twelve months ended June 30, 1918, after deduction of \$7 on the first preferred and \$6 on the second preferred. First preferred holders received scrip at the fixed rate, but nothing was paid on second preferred shares. Since July 1, payments have been suspended altogether. It's generally believed that the worst has been discounted as regards the automobile industry.

V. J., Quincy, Ill.—(1) The 4½ per cent gold 4s of the Illinois Steel Co. are a good investment, and not overvalued at 84, the present price. They are unconditionally guaranteed by the U. S. Steel Corporation, and normal federal income tax is paid by the company. They sold at as high a figure as 94 in 1917. (2) Chicago Great Western 4s are not a high-grade investment. Current price of 61½ compares with 54 last February. Under favorable conditions, they may rise to 68. (3) Better hold your St. Louis & San Francisco common. Will doubtless have another advance of three or four points before long.

M. F., Oswego, Kans.—International Nickel is not a very active speculation, as a rule. Par value \$25. The \$4 dividend is safely earned, but it remains



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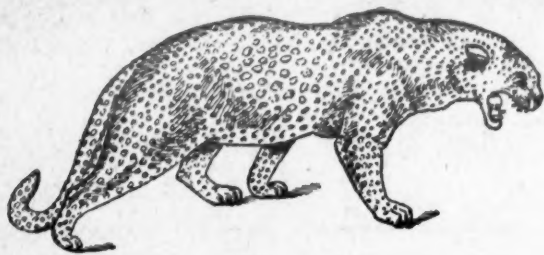
to be proved that it can be paid throughout the readjustment period. May have to be cut to \$3. Stock should be bought only for speculation—not for investment. Sold at 57½ in 1916 on the curb. Properties owned among the most valuable of their kind in the world.

READER, Utica, N. Y.—New York Central is not likely to relapse to the low notch of a little over a year ago—62½—in the calculable future. Such a slump would occur only in the event of

a general severe break, and that must be regarded as decidedly improbable, in view of the extensive depression already recorded. Of course, the price may go back to 70 or even 68 before the launching of another broad bull movement. You would be justified in entering scaled buying order at 70.

♦♦♦

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